

LOVE IN THE WILDS.



HERE, said Juliet Garland, impatiently. "I can't wear these gloves again by any possibility. They've been once to the cleaner's and I have done them myself twice with bread crumbs."

She sat in the deep window-seat, her bright hair streaked with morning sunshine, her bright eyes full of vexation, while a pair of very much demoralized kid gloves of the palest primrose tint lay in her lap. And Dora, her youngest sister, glanced up from a pile of music she was turning over—another of the bright bland blossoms of humanity.

"Why don't you get yourself a new pair?" said she. "Oh dear! there isn't a song here that is not a hundred years old. Juanita, Her Bright Smile, and all that sort of thing. Rosie must get something that isn't coeval with the ark. How is a girl to—"

"Why don't you get another pair?" sharply cross-questioned Juliet. "Because I haven't any money—that is the reason."

"It is dreadful to be impecunious," sighed plump Dora, contemplating her pink finger-tips; and at the same moment Mrs. Temple, the fair blonde of the family, came in with a tired look on her face.

"More bills," said she. "Oh, girls, what will Frank say? Stefani has actually charged \$75 for that little lunch we gave, and Madam Cherimont's account is \$89, and I am really afraid to open the florist's bill."

"Then it's no use asking for more gloves at present," said Juliet. "No music," added Dora, with a shrug of her shoulders.

Mrs. Temple burst into tears. "I declare," said she, "I'm discouraged. And you girls are always teasing for something or other, and Frank is so cross when we exceed the regular allowance."

"Crying will not mend matters," said Dora, who was evidently the philosopher of the family. "But what is that letter in your lap, Rosie?" "It is from Uncle Paul; the bills upset me so I forgot all about it. He wants one of you girls to come up to the Maine camp and keep house for him. It's somewhere on the line of the Rangeley lakes. Come, girls, which of you will volunteer?"

Juliet gave a little shriek of dismay. Dora elevated her pink cushiony hands, but the third sister who had been silently mending the founcess of a pink silk skirt, glanced up.

"Is Uncle Paul really in earnest?" said she. "I will go then."

"Gladys!" cried all the others in different accents.

Gladys rose up, hung aside the dress that lay in her lap, and came out of



I AM SORRY, her corner. Of all the sisters she was the loveliest—and the most determined as well.

"Why not?" said she. "Do you think I like this kind of life? I declare, there have been times within the last month when I've felt inclined to hire out as a servant. Just think, the dress I wear isn't yet paid for; the milliner is always sending her bills; I can't go out for fear of meeting a creditor. Rosie keeps giving parties and luncheons to try and get us married, and Frank is working beyond strength to give his wife's sisters a chance but it's no use. I don't know about Julie and Dora, but I, for one, am tired of being put up for sale in the world's window, and I'm going to Uncle Paul."

"But what will society say?" gasped Mrs. Temple.

"Society won't settle my bills and keep me in pin money. It may say what it pleases."

"Gladys, I think you are crazy," remonstrated Juliet.

"Because I am emancipating myself from slavery? I can not see where this is to end, Julie."

"What will Mr. Mandeville say?" demurely queried Dora.

"He will say there is one fortune-hunter less in the ranks."

"Gladys, how can you speak so coarsely?" Juliet said, indignantly.

"Is it coarse to tell the truth? Mr. Mandeville is very kind and courteous, but he will not miss me after the first few evenings, and dear, patient Frank will have one less to provide for. Yes, I will go to Uncle Paul."

"You may as well commit suicide at once," said Juliet.

"You'll never marry in that wilderness," said Mrs. Temple.

"There are nineteen old maids in this block," said Gladys. "We counted them yesterday, Dora and I. Do you suppose there are as many in the wilderness?"

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Temple.

"And besides," asked Gladys, the laughter fading from her eyes, "is it the end and aim of girls to marry? Why shouldn't I be an old maid as well as another? Do you think I shouldn't survive it? You will see."

She had made up her mind. Within three days she had purchased thick boots, a flannel suit, and a rough straw bonnet, trimmed with blue ribbons and had gone to Lake Molechunk-amunk.

Her uncle was glad to see her. He didn't live in a wigwam, as she fancied, but in a pretty little cottage, shaded with forest trees and embowered with morning glories. He did no ill to the queen's English, like the hunters in the dime novels, and he provided a pretty boudoir for her, whose pink netting set gnats and flies at defiance.

"I think I shall be quite happy here," said Gladys, as she sat in a boat and read while her uncle fished. "Don't regret the New York beaux, eh?" said her uncle.

Gladys stoutly answered:

"No."

But afterward she asked herself had she told the truth.

"If Darrell Mandeville wishes to marry Miss Dorrance, let him," she thought. "I shall never pursue any man."

That very day, however, when she returned from a ramble in the forest, with her hat full of berries a stranger was within.

"I am sorry to take you by storm," said a handsome, middle-aged man, who appeared to be what he was, a Wall street broker, spending the summer in the wilderness; "but my friend has fallen over a cliff and broken his leg, and this was the nearest shelter within seven miles. Perhaps your husband will—"

"But he isn't my husband," said Gladys composedly, depositing the berries on the table; "he's my uncle, and if he were here he would say as I do, that you are very welcome. Where is your friend? I am not much of a surgeon, but—"

She stopped abruptly. There, lying on a chintz-covered lounge, his pallid face supported by cushions, lay Darrell Mandeville.

"Miss Garland?" he exclaimed. "I am very glad!"

"Mr. Mandeville!" she uttered in the same tone. "I am so very sorry!" "Because I have drifted here, of all places?" he pleaded.

"Because you are hurt," faltered Gladys, with tears in her eyes.

"I knew you were somewhere in this region," he said. "In faith, I was searching for you, Gladys. I did not expect to find you yet a while, and thus I—I thought—"

He closed his eyes, and a deadly pallor crossed his face.

"I think he has fainted," said his friend.

And then Uncle Paul came in, who was born a chururgeon, and who knew all the healing secrets of the glen and forest—and Gladys heaved a sigh of relief.

Mr. Mandeville made but slow convalescence, yet he did not appear to regard the detention as unpleasant. The Wall street broker went back to his business.

"I think we could easily get you to Andover," he said wistfully. "And a parlor car—"

"Oh, hang your parlor cars," said the young man, impatiently. "I am doing very well where I am now."

"Oh," said the broker, a sudden light of comprehension irradiating his dull brain. "Oh, in that case I may as well leave you to your fate. It's the old, old story of Ulysses and the sirens."

Mrs. Temple came into the room where Dora and Juliet were remodeling their white dresses for a theater party at the Casino one day, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes.

"Girls," she cried, "what do you think? Gladys is engaged."

"To some buffalo hunter, I suppose," said Dora.

"No," said Rosie; "to Mr. Mandeville. He has been there for a whole month—at Lake Molechunkamunk."

Juliet dropped her work.

"Impossible!" she cried, "Gladys engaged up in that wilderness, while Dora and I are left to wither on the stem down here in New York, and to Darrell Mandeville, the best match of the season?"

"Things do turn out strangely," said Mrs. Temple, reflectively.

And Gladys, the presiding old maid of the family, was the first to be married, after all.

"Gladys always was fortunate," said her two sisters.

SOME LAUGHING GAS.

WIT, HUMOR AND SATIRE FOR OUR READERS.

Why He Stood on the Bridge at Midnight—Consistency in Politics—The Grammatical Construction of the Word Knickerbockers



STOOD ON THE bridge at midnight As the clock was striking the hour. And vainly searched my pockets, Behind the old bridge tower; And the moon rose o'er the city, As off it rose before, And I found I'd left my money

In my coat down at the store. —Truth.

Had Tried Them.

Little Dot—Mamma read in a paper that a deaf man out west was stung by a swarm of bees, and now he can hear as well as ever.

Little Dick—I don't see how bee stings could make a deaf man hear—but I should think they'd make a dumb man speak.

No Genuine Grandma.

First Little Boy—I've got a awful tummiack ache.

Second Little Boy—What's that?

"Don't you know what a tummiack ache is?"

"No."

"I guess your grandma is a step-grandma."

Couldn't Find a School.

Boy (on a visit)—Haven't you any schools here?

Aunt—We have several.

Boy—That's queer. I have been all over town, and I haven't seen a building that looked ugly enough to be a school house.

The New System.

Old gentleman—Why do you weep?

School Boy—Another great man is dead—boo, hoo, hoo!

"Did you know him?"

"No, but for the next three weeks we'll have to study ourselves blind to answer the teacher's questions about him."

Grandma's Preference.

Little Johnny—Grandma says she likes cold weather; but I can't see why. She can't go chestnutting, and she can't skate, and she can't slide down hill.

Little Ethel—I guess she likes cold weather 'cause w'en she breathes on her spectacles, they gets wet enough to wipe.—Good News.

Drawing the Line.

Teacher—What is an agnostic?

Observing Boy—It's a man wot believes in 'most everything except religion.—Good News.

Got the Idea.

Visitor—Have you any new studies this term?

Boy—Yes'm; I'm studyin' yellocution.—Good News.

Unmoved.

"It's no use," she said dejectedly. "I've simply got to suffer."

"What's the matter?"

"Young Mr. Slogo called last night. I endured his society patiently until in selfdefence I was forced to remark.

"Really, Mr. Slogo, I'm very much afraid it is getting late."

"And what did he do then?"

"He simply smiled and said that women are naturally timid."—Washington (D. C.) Star.

Very "Singular."



She—Do you call "a pair of knickerbockers" singular or plural?

He—Plural, as applied to men, out in the case of women—singular.

Modern Commerce.

Clerk—Lady in front caught stealing goods. What shall we do?

Head of Firm—How is she dressed?

"Furs and diamonds."

"Beg her pardon and ask if we shall send the bill to her house."—Dubuque Times.

A Possibility.

Mother (angrily)—You ought to be thrashed! Why aren't you a good boy, like Tommy Toogood?

Bad Boy—Dunno. Nabby his mother uses moral suasion.

No Importance.

Official—What's that? A man run over and hurt? Notify the entire police force to watch out for the bicyclist who did it.

Policeman—But it wasn't a bicyclist. It was a beer wagon.

Official—Oh, if that's all, never mind. People are used to being run over by beer wagons.

One of Many.

Schoolmate—And so you have a summer cottage at Breezy Point, and a little sailboat, all your own? Do you sail much?

Dora—No, not much.

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, I'm afraid to sail when the wind blows, and I can't sail when it doesn't."

Johnny's Suggestion.

Mother—I just have to drive Ethel to the piano, and then she won't half practice.

Little Johnny (who thinks he knows something about girls)—Why don't you try driving her away from it?

Couldn't Be Mistaken.

Stranger—What's the name of this street?

City Boy—Zoobloblezeet.

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, yes; I've heard the conductors call it out, often."

Call Again.

New Boy—Lady wants to see you, sir.

Fortune Teller—Who is she?

"I don't know."

"Then follow her home and find out. How the dickens am I going to tell a woman's fortune if I don't know who she is."

"Our Country, 'Tis of Thee."



Young Miss (looking forward to her first reception)—Papa, can't I take lessons on the piano?

Brusque Father (President of the Sons of Toil)—Don't call me papa—don't call me papa. I say! You'd better be taking lessons on the washboard!

(Exit to spend \$25 in wet goods with the boys at a political gathering.)

Never Was West.

Veteran—I presume you never heard an Indian war whoop.

Civilian—No, but I've heard boys coming out of school.

Either Might.

Mrs. Binks (reading)—Women can endure pain better than men.

Mr. Binks—Who says that—a doctor or a shoemaker?

Dinner for Two.

Mr. Newedd—How is that, my love? Nothing in the house to eat? I gave you money this morning.

Mrs. Newedd—Yes, I know; but I ran across the most exquisitely charming London dinner gong—awfully fashionable you know—and I couldn't resist the temptation to buy it.

"But what shall we do for dinner?"

"We can listen to the gong."—New York Weekly.

No Hope There.

Mistress (thinking about dessert)—What kind of pies are you the most familiar with?

New Girl—Bakers' pies, mum.—New York Weekly.

Better Than a String.

Mother—Johnny! On your way home from school, stop at the store and get me a stick of candy and a bar of soap. Father—What do you want of a stick of candy?

Mother—That's so he'll remember the soap.

Emancipated.

"And have I," she asked in trembling voice, "the right of suffrage?"

"You have."

"Are you sure?" she faltered. "Is it really true?"

"Yes."

She raised her streaming eyes to heaven.

"At last," she murmured, "at last, I may be registered as something besides John Jones and wife."

Then she wept for joy.—Detroit Tribune.

How She Got Ahead of Them.

Mrs. Winsome—What makes Mrs. Gabby keep her clock two hours fast?

Mrs. Winsomere—So she'll know all the gossip of the town two hours before it happens.—Detroit Sun.

"What a pleasure it is to hear Jabwock talk French." "A pleasure! He never comes within a mile of the proper pronunciation." "That's just it. It's so English, you know."

A Welcome Usher of '95.

The beginning of the new year will have a welcome usher in the shape of a fresh Almanac, descriptive of the origin, nature and uses of the national tonic and alternative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Combined with the descriptive matter will be found calendar and astronomical calculations absolutely reliable for correctness, statistics, illustrations, verses carefully selected, and other mental food highly profitable and entertaining. On this pamphlet, published and printed annually by The Hostetter Company of Pittsburg, 60 hands are employed in the mechanical department alone. Eleven months are devoted to its preparation. It is procurable free of druggists and country dealers everywhere, and is printed in English, German, French, Spanish, Welsh, Norwegian, Holland Swedish and Bohemian.

"Is this a picture of the prize chrysanthemum at the last flower show?" "Is there a blue mark across the upper left-hand corner?" "Yes." "Well, then, it's either Mr. Leftackle's picture or one of Fido."

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Is dangerous, disagreeable and tenacious, but Hood's Sarsaparilla, as a thorough blood purifier, cures this and all other forms of scrofula. "I had a bunch on the side of my neck as large as a hen's egg. I was advised to have it cut out, but would not consent. A friend suggested that I take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I am glad to say that I did, and soon the bunch

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